NUMB. CCCLXXXVII.

The SPECTATOR.

Quid purè tranquillet —— Hor.

Saturday, May 24. 1712.

IN my last *Saturday*'s Paper I ſpoke of Chearfulneſs as it is a *Moral* Habit of the Mind, and accordingly mentioned ſuch Moral Motives as are apt to cheriſh and keep alive this happy Temper in the Soul of Man: I ſhall now conſider Chearfulneſs in its *natural* State, and reflect on thoſe Gifts to it, which are indifferent either as to Virtue or Vice.

Chearfulneſs is, in the firſt place, the beſt Promoter of Health. Repinings, and ſecret Murmurs of Heart, give imperceptible Strokes to thoſe delicate Fibres of which the Vital Parts are compoſed, and wear out the Machine inſenſibly; not to mention thoſe violent Ferments which they ſtir up in the Blood, and thoſe irregular diſturbed Motions which they raiſe in the animal Spirits. I ſcarce remember, in my own Obſervation, to have met with many old Men, or with ſuch, who (to uſe our *Engliſh* Phraſe) *wear well*, that had not at leaſt a certain Indolence in their Humour, if not a more than ordinary Gaiety and Chearfulneſs of Heart. The Reaſon of it is, Health and Chearfulneſs mutually beget each other, with this difference, that we ſeldom meet with a great degree of Health which is not attended with a certain Chearfulneſs, but very often ſee Chearfulneſs where there is no great degree of Health.

Chearfulneſs bears the ſame friendly Regard to the Mind as to the Body; it baniſhes all anxious Care and Diſcontent, ſoothes and compoſes the Paſſions, and keeps the Soul in a perpetual Calm. But having already touched on this laſt Conſideration, I ſhall here take notice that the World, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable Objects that are proper to raiſe and keep alive this happy Temper of Mind.

If we conſider the World in its Subſerviency to Man, one would think it was made for our Uſe; but if we conſider it in its natural Beauty and Harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for Pleaſure. The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Univerſe, and produces all the Neceſſaries of Life, has a particular Influence in chearing the Mind of Man, and making the Heart glad.

Thoſe ſeveral living Creatures which are made for our Service or Suſtenance, at the ſame time either fill the Woods with their Muſick, furniſh us with Game, or raiſe pleaſing Ideas in us by the Delightfulneſs of their Appearance. Fountains, Lakes and Rivers, are as refreſhing to the Imagination, as they are to the Soil through which they paſs.

There are Writers of great Diſtinction, who have made it an Argument for Providence, that the whole Earth is covered with Green, rather than with any other Colour, as being ſuch a right Mixture of Light and Shade, that it comforts and ſtrengthens the Eye inſtead of weakning or grieving it. For this Reaſon ſeveral Painters have a green Cloth hanging near them, to eaſe the Eye upon, after too great an Application to their Colouring. A Famous modern Philoſopher accounts for it in the following Manner: All Colours that are more luminous overpower and diſſipate the animal Spirits which are employ'd in Sight; on the contrary, thoſe that are more obſcure do not give the animal Spirits a ſufficient Exerciſe: whereas the Rays that produce in us the Idea of Green fall upon the Eye in ſuch a due proportion that they give the animal Spirits their proper Play, and by keeping up the Struggle in a juſt Balance excite a very pleaſing and agreeable Senſation. Let the Cauſe be what it will, the Effect is certain, for which Reaſon the Poets aſcribe to this particular Colour the Epithet of *Chearful*.

To conſider further this double End in the Works of Nature, and how they are at the ſame time both uſeful and entertaining, we find that the moſt important Parts in the Vegetable World are thoſe which are the moſt beautiful. Theſe are the Seeds by which the ſeveral Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Bloſſoms. Nature ſeems to hide her principal Deſign, and to be induſtrious in making the Earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is carrying on her great Work, and intent upon her own Preſervation. The Husband-man after the ſame manner is employed in laying out the whole Country into a kind of Garden or Landſkip, and making every thing ſmile about him, whilſt in reality he thinks of nothing but of the Harveſt, and Encreaſe which is to ariſe from it.

We may further obſerve how Providence has taken care to keep up this Chearfulneſs in the Mind of Man, by having formed it after ſuch a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving Delight from ſeveral Objects, which ſeem to have very little uſe in them, as from the Wildneſs of Rocks and Deſarts, and the like groteſque Parts of Nature. Thoſe who are verſed in Philoſophy may ſtill carry this Conſideration higher, by obſerving that if Matter had appeared to us endow'd only with thoſe real Qualities which it actually poſſeſſes, it would have made but a very joyleſs and uncomfortable Figure; and why has Providence given it a Power of producing in us ſuch imaginary Qualities as Taſtes and Colours, Sounds and Smells, Heat and Cold; but that Man, while he is converſant in the lower Sta-

tions

tions of Nature, might have his Mind cheared and delighted with agreeable Senſations? In ſhort, the whole Univerſe is a kind of Theatre filled with Objects that either raiſe in us Pleaſure, Amuſement or Admiration.

The Reader's own Thoughts will ſuggeſt to him the Viciſſitude of Day and Night, the Change of Seaſons, with all that variety of Scenes which diverſifie the Face of Nature, and fill the Mind with a perpetual Succeſſion of beautiful and pleaſing Images.

I ſhall not here mention the ſeveral Entertainments of Art, with the Pleaſures of Friendſhip, Books, Converſation, and other accidental Diverſions of Life, becauſe I would only take Notice of ſuch Incitements to a Chearful Temper, as offer themſelves to Perſons of all Ranks and Conditions, and which may ſufficiently ſhew us that Providence did not deſign this World ſhould be filled with Murmurs and Repinings, or that the Heart of Man ſhould be involved in Gloom and Melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Chearfulneſs of Temper, as it is a Virtue in which our Countrymen are obſerved to be more deficient than any other Nation, Melancholy is a kind of Demon that haunts our Iſland, and often conveys her ſelf to us in an Eaſterly Wind. A celebrated *French* Noveliſt, in Oppoſition to thoſe who begin their Romances with the Flowry Seaſon of the Year, enters on his Story thus, *In the gloomy Month of* November, *when the People of* England *hang and drown themſelves, a diſconſolate Lover walked out into the Fields*, &c.

Every one ought to fence againſt the Temper of his Climate or Conſtitution, and frequently to indulge in himſelf thoſe Conſiderations which may give him a Serenity of Mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully againſt thoſe little Evils and Misfortunes which are common to Human Nature, and which by a right Improvement of them will produce a Satiety of Joy, and an uninterrupted Happineſs.

At the ſame time that I would engage my Reader to conſider the World in its moſt agreeable Lights, I muſt own there are many Evils which naturally ſpring up amidſt the Entertainments that are provided for us; but theſe, if rightly conſider'd, ſhould be far from over-caſting the Mind with Sorrow, or deſtroying that Chearfulneſs of Temper which I have been recommending. This Interſperſion of Evil with Good, and Pain with Pleaſure, in the Works of Nature, is very truly aſcrib'd by Mr. *Lock* in his Eſſay on Human Underſtanding to a Moral Reaſon, in the following Words:

Beyond all this, we may find another reaſon why *God hath ſcattered up and down* ſeveral degrees of Pleaſure and Pain, in all the things that environ and affect us; *and blended them together, in almoſt all that our Thoughts and Senſes have to do with; that we finding Imperfection, Diſſatisfaction, and want of compleat Happineſs, in all the Enjoyments which the Creatures can afford us, might be led to ſeek it in the enjoyment of him*, with whom there is fulneſs of Joy, and at whoſe Right Hand are Pleaſures for evermore.

The Perſon who wrote a Letter to the Spectator, May the 11th, about an Original Picture, is deſired to leave Word at Mr. Charles Lillie's, at the Corner of Beauford Buildings in the Strand, where it may be ſeen.

The Corpus Poetarum, with a good Index, in 2 Folio, will be certainly finiſhed and ready for the Subſcribers by the 20th of June next. The Work will make near fifty Sheets more than was at firſt propoſed; therefore Notice is hereby given, that no Perſon will be admitted as a Subſcriber upon the Conditions of the Propoſals (which was one Guinea down, and another upon Delivery) but ſuch who ſhall ſubſcribe before the 10th Day of June next; at which time the Subſcription will be cloſed, and the Names of the Subſcribers Printed. The loweſt Price afterwards will be Three Pounds in Quires. Subſcriptions are taken in by Nicholſon in Little Britain, B. Tooke at the Temple Gate, and J. Tonſon in the Strand, and by moſt of the Booksellers in Town and Country. N. B. There are a ſmall Number Printed upon large Paper at Four Guineas in Quires.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For the Benefit of Miſs Willis.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, on Monday being the 26th Day of May, will be preſented a Comedy, call'd The Lancaſhire Witches, Written by the Ingenious Mr. Shadwell, Poet-Laureat, carefully reviſed. The principal Parts to be performed by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnſon, Mr. Pinkethman, Mr. Bullock Sen. Mr. Bullock Jun. Mr. Penkethman, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Bradſhaw, and Miſs Willis. With the Original Decorations, Scenes, Dancings, Flyings, Sinkings and Flyings of the Witches, the Muſick, both Vocal and Inſtrumental, Compoſed by Mr. Leveridge and performed by Mr. Berkhead, Mr. Mills, and Mr. Willis. The Dancing by Mr. Prince and Mrs. Bicknell.

For the Benefit of the Author and of the Compoſer.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, this preſent Saturday being the 24th of May, will be preſented an Italian Opera call'd Caligula and Telemachus. Both Acts and Parts together, and no Perſon to be admitted without Tickets, which will be delivered out at the Theatre at half a Guinea each, Full Gallery 2 s. 6 d. Upper Gallery 1 s. 6 d. To begin exactly at Six. By Her Majeſty's Command, No Perſons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

This Opera is Sold by E. Sanger at the Middle Temple-Gate in Fleetſtreet. Price One Shilling.

This Day is Publiſhed,

Miſcellaneous Poems and Tranſlations. By Mr. Dryden, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Smith of Chriſt-Church Oxon, Mr. Rowe, Mr. Fenton, Mr. Cromwell, Mr. Broome of St. John's Cambridge. Chaucer's Characters, or the Introduction to the Canterbury Tales. The Miller of Trumpington, or the Reve's Tale, from Chaucer. Done by Mr. Betterton. The Rape of the Locke, an Hero-Comical Poem. Printed for Bernard Lintot, at the Cross-Keys between the two Temple Gates in Fleetſtreet. And next Week will be Publiſhed the firſt Volume of Homer, by Madam Dacier. Tranſlated by Mr. Rowe. Illuſtrated with Cuts.

Lately Publiſh'd,

Meditations and Prayers to be uſed before, at, and after the Receiving the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The fifth Edition, with many Additions. Printed for F. F. and Sold by Thomas Harbin at the Bible and Anchor in the New Exchange in the Strand. Where is Sold all new Books and Pamphlets that daily come out.

There is lately brought over from Italy a ſmall Quantity of very rich Diſtilled Waters, made by Trolome Rizzi, Principal Diſtiller to his Royal Highneſs the Duke of Savoy. They are all put into Cheſts, each of which contains 24 Bottles (3 to a Quart) and conſiſts of the 4 following Select Sorts, viz. Millefiori, Orange, Bergamot, and Perfect, they are all of a double Diſtillation, and rectified in the ſame manner as the Citron Waters of Rathbone, and of the ſame Strength, yet they are much pleaſanter, and but a third of the Price. They are really true and genuine as they were Imported, and may be ſeen and taſted every Day at Mr. Pan Grave's at the three Flower-de-Luces next Door to Northumberland-Houſe near Charing-Croſs; where they are ſold in order for a quick Sale only at 3 Guineas a Cheſt. N. B. There has been none of theſe Waters in England, unleſs in Preſent, theſe 5 Years paſt.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in, as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.